And our iuduction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Couſin *Glendower*, will you ſit downe?
And Vncle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; ſit couſin *Percy*, ſit, good couſin *Hotſpur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh hee wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuity,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery ſhapes
Of burning Creſſets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your ſelfe had neuer been borne.

Glen. I ſay, the Earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hot. And I ſay, the earth was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. the Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke to ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuity:
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Couſin, of many men
I doe not beare theſe croſſings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery ſhapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraor
And all the courſes of my life doe ſ
I am not in the roll of common me
Where is the liuing, clipt in with t
That chides the Bankes of *England*
Which cals me pupill, or hath read
And bring him out that is but Wo
Can trace me in the tedious way of
And hold me pace in deepe experim

Hot. I thinke there's no man ſpe
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace, couſin *Percy*, you wil

Glen. I can call Spirits from the

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any
But will they come, when you doe

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, cou

Hot. And I can teach thee, couſin
By telling truth. Tell truth, and ſha
If thou haue power to raiſe him, bri
And ile be ſworne, I haue power to
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and ſh

Mor. Come, come: no more of t

Glen. Three times hath *Henry B*
Againſt my power, thrice from the
And Sandy-bottomd *Seuerne* haue I
Bootleſſe home, and weather-beate

Hot. Home without bootes, and
How ſcapes he agues in the diuels n

Glen. Come, here is the Map, ſhall
According to our threefold order ta

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath de
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hit
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſi
All Weſtward *VVales* beyond the
And all the fertile land within that b
To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz
The remnant Northward, lying off fr

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7